

NATIONAL COMICS

AUGUST
No. 34

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QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

SM
8



SPECIAL
THRILL!

UNCLE SAM

matches wits with
BIG JOHN FALES
IN A SUSPENSE-FILLED
TALE OF **ADVENTURE!**

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER.
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE.

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE.
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'."



The "MORROW" Coaster Brake is a vital member of "The Invisible Crew"—the precision equipment which 25 Bendix plants from coast to coast are speeding to our fighting crews on world battle fronts.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORP., ELGINA, ILL.

MORROW
COASTER BRAKE

THE INVISIBLE CREW
Precision Equipment by **Bendix**
AVIATION CORPORATION

SMASH COMICS...HIT COMICS...CRACK COMICS

HEY, READERS!!
THERE'S NO RATIONING OF
ACTION ADVENTURE
OR **HUMOR**
IN THE
QUALITY COMIC GROUP
AMERICA'S GREATEST
COMIC MAGAZINES

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY  UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

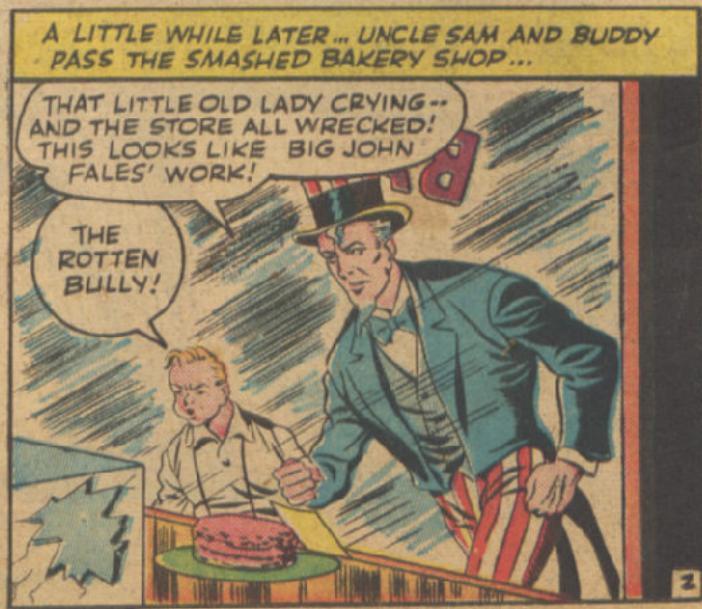
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UNCLE SAM

IT IS WRITTEN SOMEWHERE THAT HE WHO DIES UNMOURNED SHALL FIND NO PEACE IN THE GRAVE AND IT SHALL BE HIS LOT TO ROAM THE EARTH UNTIL ONE MAN SHEDS A TEAR FOR HIM! ...

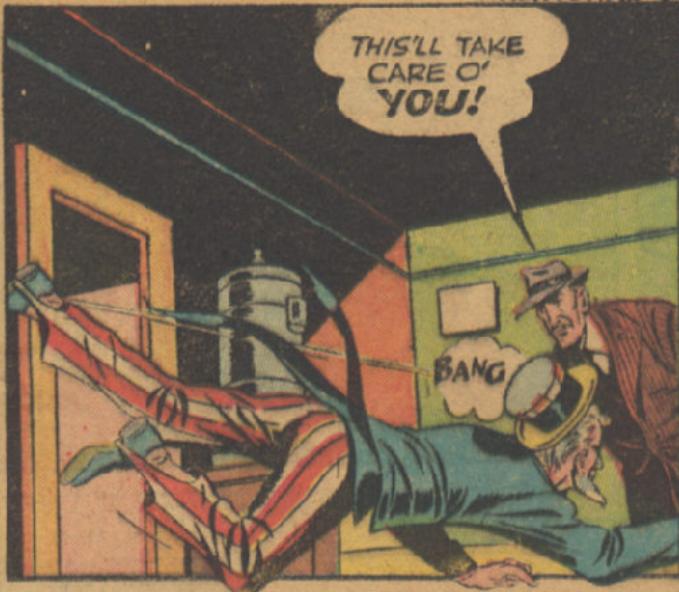
UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY FIND THEMSELVES FACE TO FACE WITH A MAN CONDEMNED BOTH IN LIFE AND IN DEATH!











**THAT NIGHT A FIERCE STORM SWEEPS
ACROSS THE EVERGREEN CEMETERY!**



A TERRIFIC THUNDERCLAP SEEMS TO ROCK
THE EARTH!



RETURN, JOHN FALES!
RETURN TO THE WORLD
OF MEN -- AND WHEN ONE
MAN SHALL SHED A TEAR
FOR YOU, THEN YOU SHALL
FIND PEACE IN THE GRAVE!



LATER... IN THE DEAD OF THE STORM-RIDDEN
NIGHT, A LONE FIGURE ROAMS THE STREETS...



I KNEW
I SHOULDN'T
OF HAD DAT
LAST DRINK!!

**BIG
JOHN!**



YOU GUYS
DON'T
GOTTA
HELP
ME!
I
CAN'T--

COME NEAR
ME! STAND
WHERE YOU
ARE!!



THEN HE DIDN'T CROAK AFTER
ALL! HE GOT OUTA THAT
COFFIN!

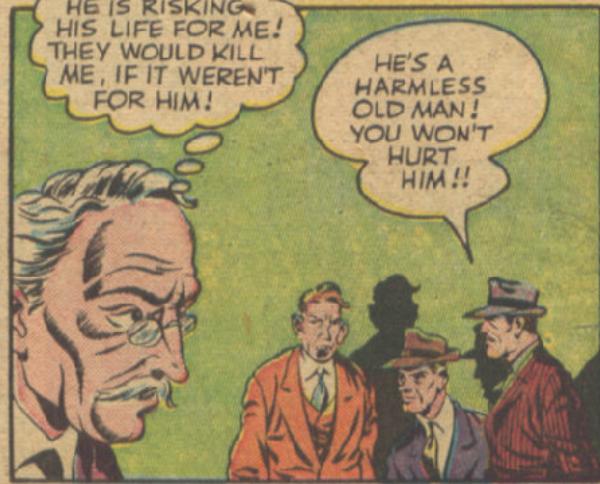
EITHER HE'S A
GHOST OR HE'S
ALIVE -- BUT WE
CAN'T TAKE ANY
CHANCES! HE'S
AFTER US
BECAUSE
WE RAN
OUT ON
HIM!

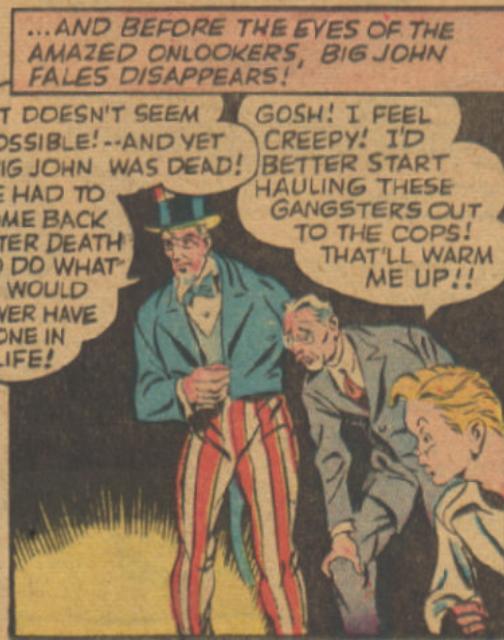












*Policewoman***SALLY O'NEIL**

By AL BRYANT

SALLY O'NEIL

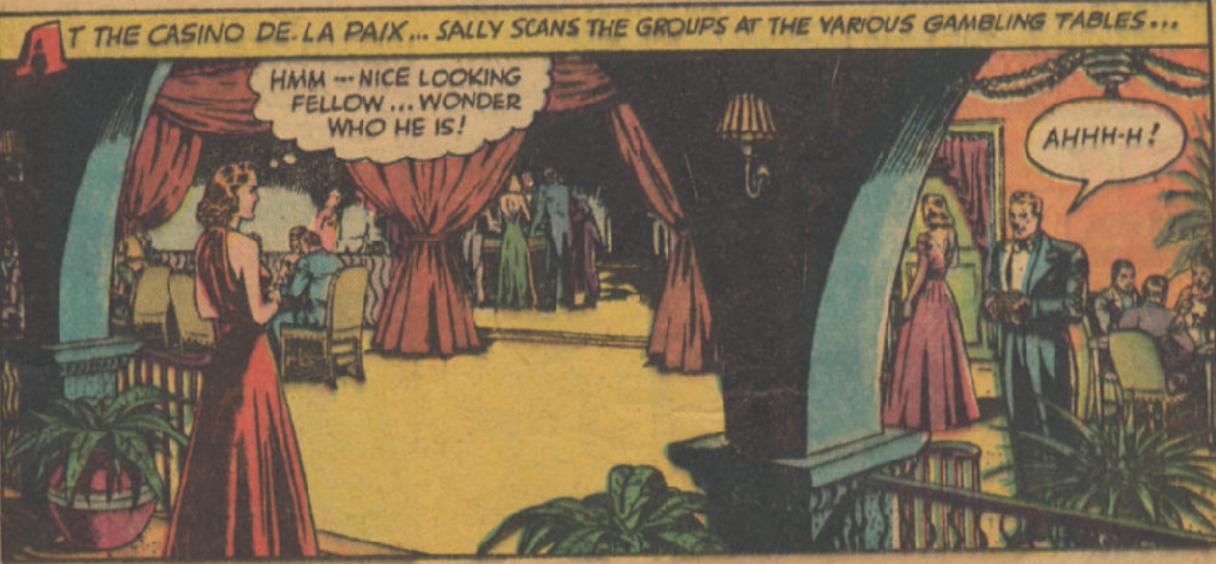


SALLY O'NEIL, ACE POLICEWOMAN, MEETS AN AFFABLE STRANGER WHO WITH CONSIDERABLE DARING AND IMPRUDENCE TURNS UP IN A SERIES OF RATHER STARTLING ADVENTURES! BUT WHY TELL YOU ANY MORE? -----

READ ON AND SEE!....

"WATSON"

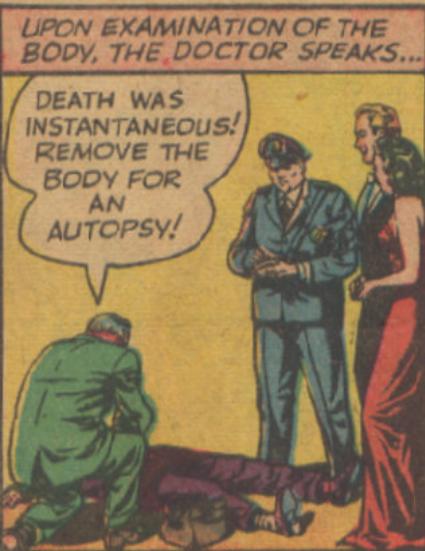






THAT'S STRANGE
-- MY NAME IS
WATSON -- AT
YOUR SERVICE,
SHERLOCK!

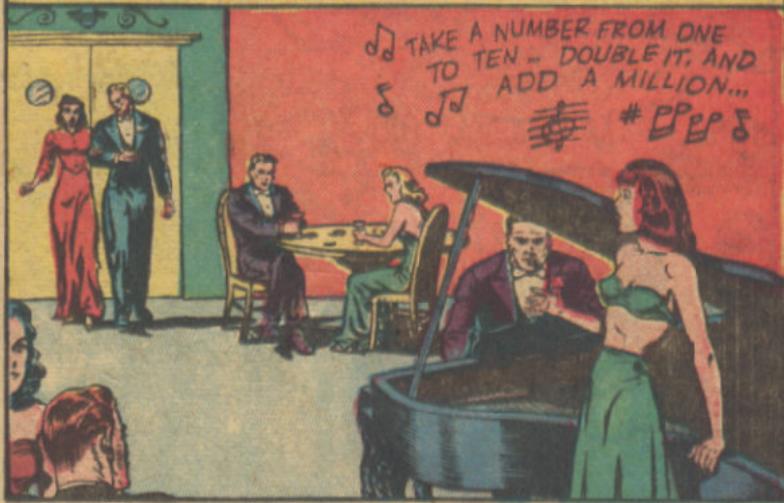
JUST THEN
THE POLICE
ARRIVE, WITH
A DOCTOR,
AT THE SCENE
OF THE
CRIME...



HELLO, MAC! - O'NEIL REPORTING!
- SEND A SQUAD CAR OVER TO
27 SOUTH -- THERE'S ANOTHER
MURDER! NOW, MAKE A NOTE:
- CHIPS 2-7... 3-8... 4-32... OKAY?
NOW... MENU 8-12. THAT'S ALL
NOW... I'M ON MY WAY NOW TO
MEET OPERATIVE THIRTY-TWO...
BUZZ YOU LATER...

AND STILL IN SEARCH OF DINNER, SALLY AND HER ESCORT
ENTER ANOTHER RESTAURANT...

TAKE A NUMBER FROM ONE
TO TEN... DOUBLE IT, AND
ADD A MILLION...
PEP'S



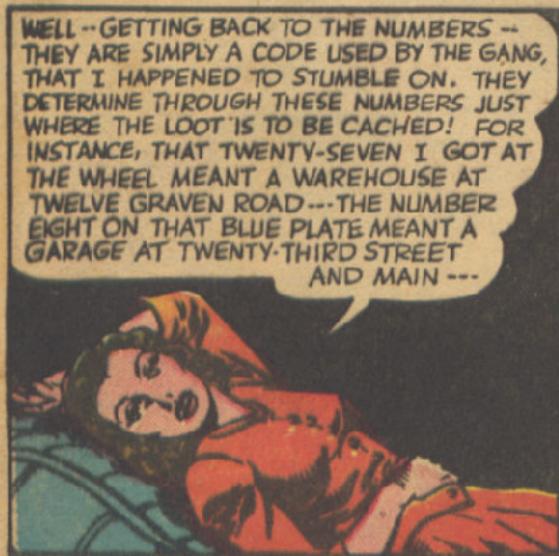
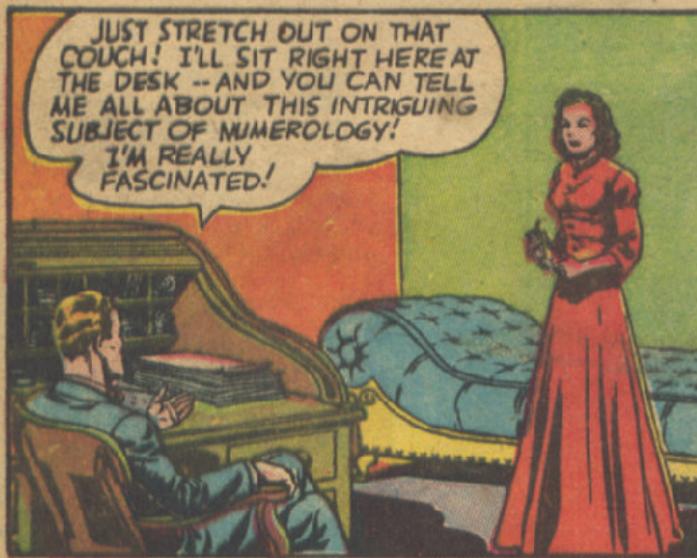
BUT THE SONG ENDS IN DISCORD WITH A DART
EMBEDDED IN THE SINGER'S
THROAT!...



ANOTHER
ONE! --
WATSON,
LET'S GET
OVER TO
HER!

ONE MORE MURDER,
SISTER... AND I'LL
BEGIN TO SUSPECT
EVEN YOU!









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HELLO, CHIEF! ... THIS IS SALLY... THE TONELLI GANG IS ROUNDED UP AND READY FOR DELIVERY! ... YES, CHIEF... THAT'S RIGHT... SEE YOU IN TEN MINUTES!



OH-OH! ... LOOKS AS IF TONELLI HASN'T HAD ENOUGH! HE'S BEGINNING TO STIR A LITTLE!!



TONELLI LOOKS UP TO SEE A FRAIL FIGURE HE HAS SUDDENLY LEARNED TO FEAR!

HEY ... WAIT A MINUTE! ... LET ME EXPLAIN!



THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS THAT ---!

I'M LISTENING...



... LIKE THIS!!



TONELLI LANDS IN THE SWIVEL CHAIR WHERE THE NEEDLE LIES POINT UP ...



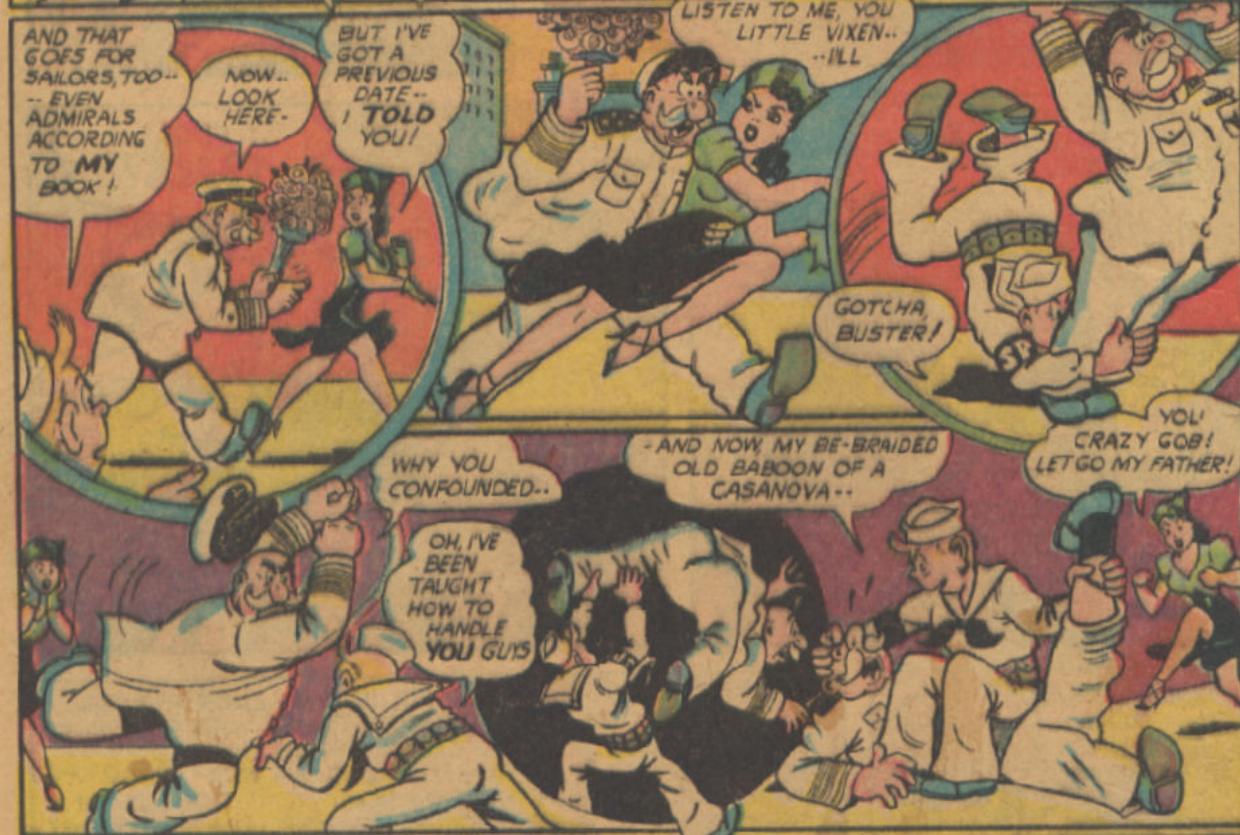
THE STATE WON'T HAVE TO BOTHER ABOUT TONELLI NOW! HE'S MET HIS REWARD FOR TREACHERY AND MURDER!



WELL, FOLKS, THAT ENDS THE OLD WAREHOUSE GANG... THEY TERRORIZED THE CITY FOR YEARS AND, LED BY TONELLI - ALIAS "WATSON" - THEY WERE DIFFICULT TO CATCH, ESPECIALLY BECAUSE OF THEIR NUMBERS CODE! BUT TONELLI MADE ONE SLIP - AND THAT WAS THE FINISH!!



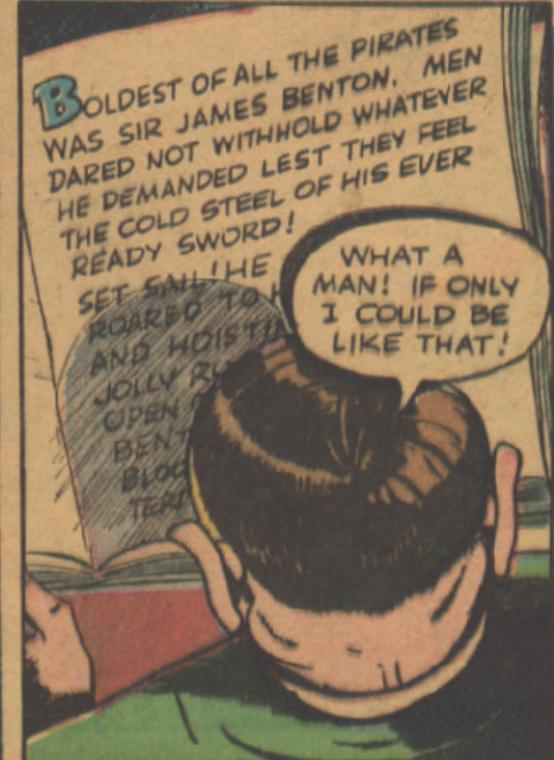
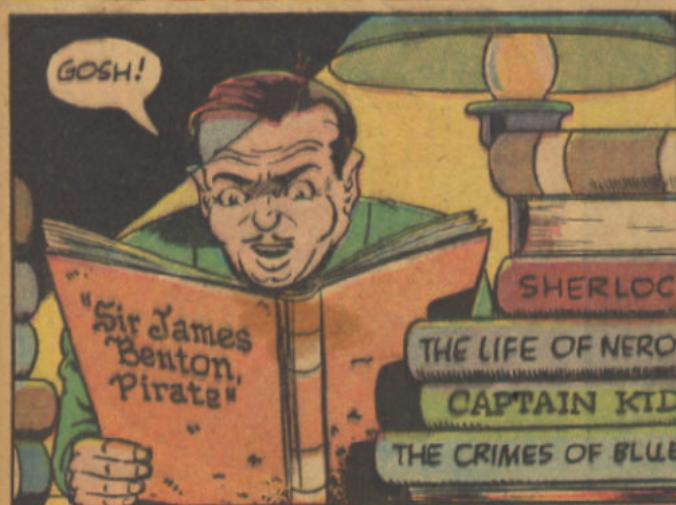
YOU'LL BE THRILLED AGAIN BY SALLY O'NEIL IN NEXT MONTH'S POLICE COMICS!



CHIC CARTER

by HENKEL

THE CASE OF THE TIMID LIBRARIAN



DROWLING THE LIBRARY STACKS, THE CHIEF LIBRARIAN ENCOUNTERS OUR WOULD-BE PIRATE...

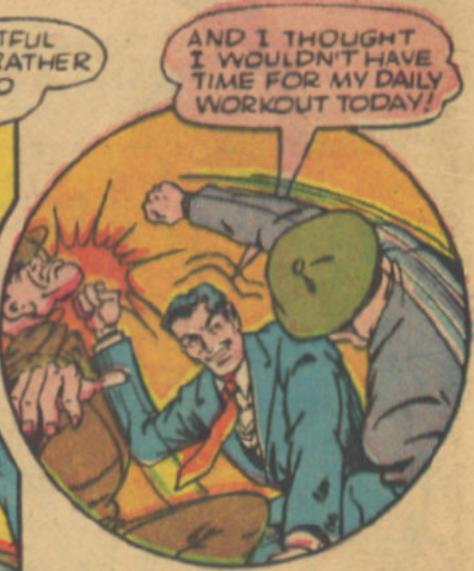


THE BLOW ON THE HEAD BRINGS ABOUT A PECULIAR TRANSFORMATION IN HOMER WEEKS AND WHEN HE REVIVES...







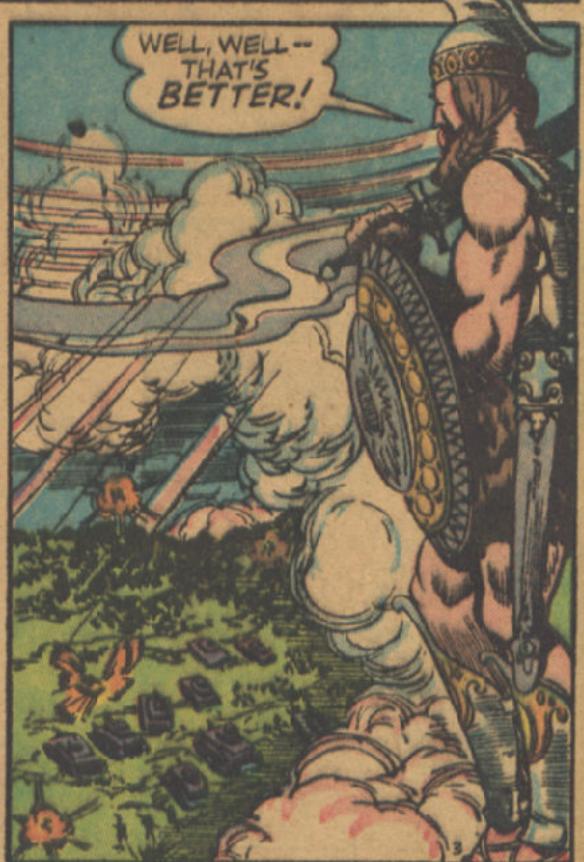


THRILL WITH
CHIC CARTER
IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF
NATIONAL COMICS!

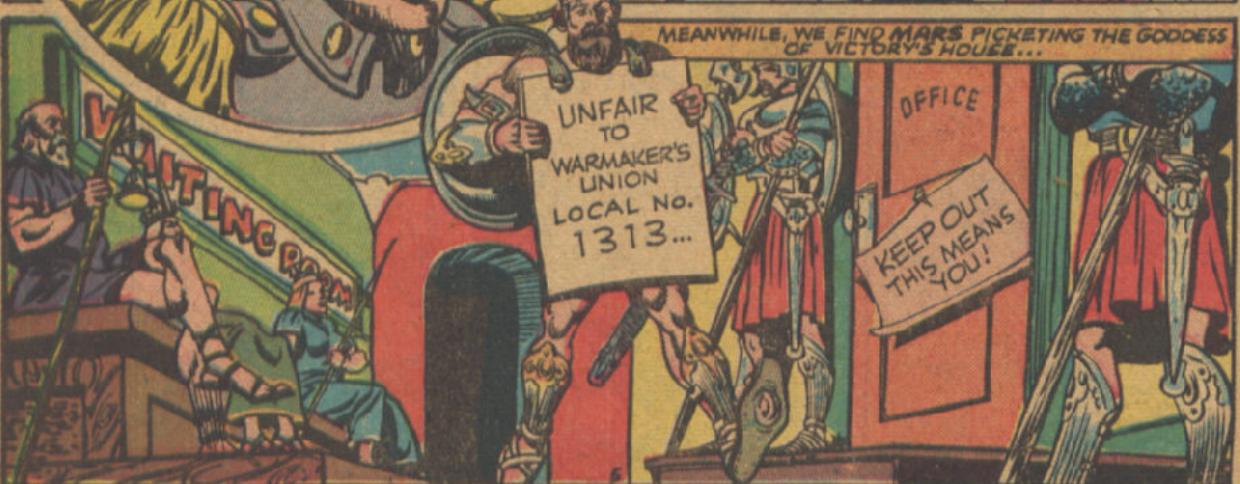
I AM MARS, THE GOD OF WAR! I DON'T ASK YOU TO BELIEVE THIS STORY, BUT HITLER CERTAINLY DREAMED IT THE OTHER NIGHT!

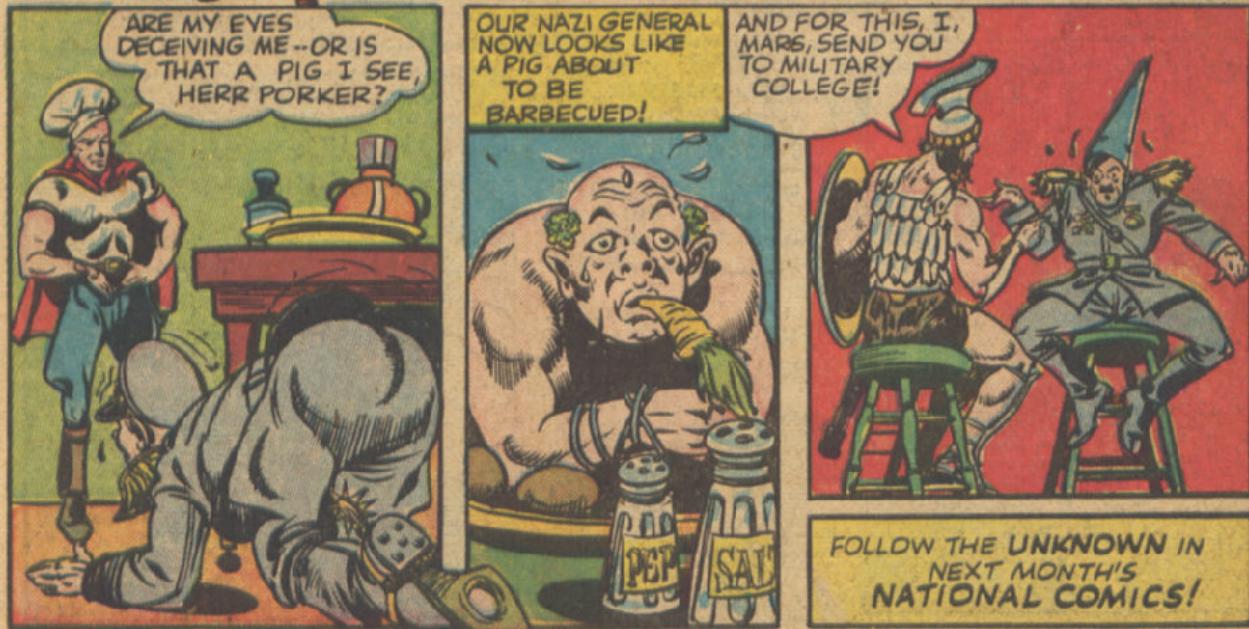












WINDY BREEZE

BY
RALPH
JOHNS...

NATIONAL COMICS

AW, C'MON,
UNK... FORK
OVER THE TWO
BITS YOU
PROMISED ME!

RUN
ALONG,
SMALL
FRY!

WINDY IS A
CHIZELER!
BIGGEST BUM
IN TOWN!

WINDY IS A CHILD
BEATER... A PENNY
PINCHER... A BLACK
MARKET BUYER!

WINDY BREEZE
UNFAIR TO
ME!

SHUDDUP BEFORE
I SHUT
YOU UP!!

YOU WOULDN'T
DARE LAY A
HAND ON ME
IN FRONT OF
ALL THESE
PEOPLE!

WINDY
IS A
NAZI!

YOU FORGET
THIS IS A
COMIC STRIP!..
I DON'T HAVE TO
LAY A FINGER
ON YOU TO
CLAM YOU UP!

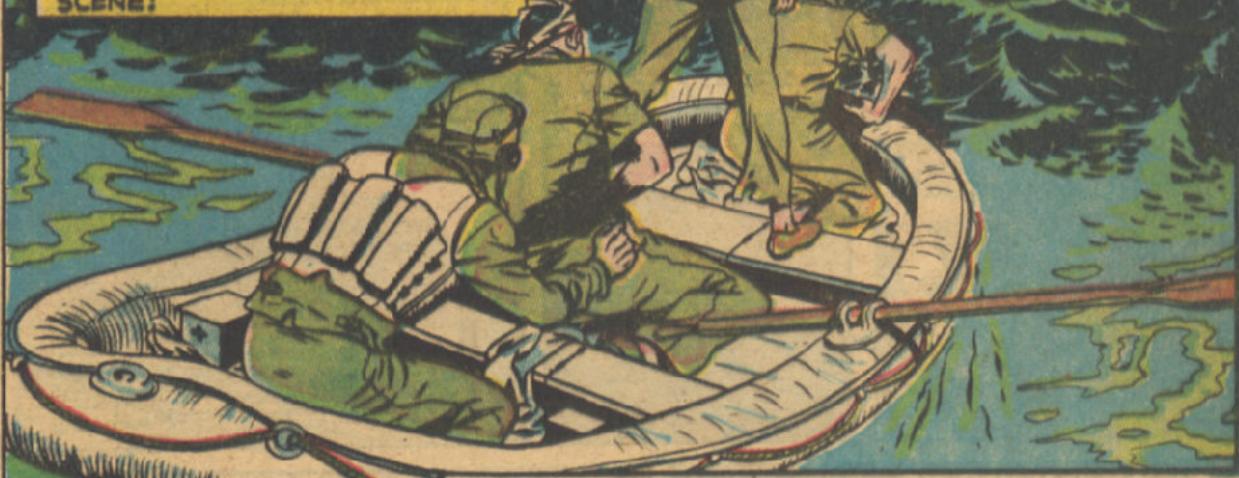
GO
AHEAD...
HOLLER
YOUR HEAD
OFF!



Destroyer 171

"CAPTAIN EDDIE HICKENS DOWN AT SEA!" ... TOWARD THE TINY BOBBING RAFT LOST IN THE WILD PACIFIC, SPEEDS THE DEADLIEST RAIDER IN THE JAPANESE FLEET!

THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE" ALSO MAKES THE PERILOUS SEA VOYAGE TO SAVE THE MAN WHO HAS BECOME A SYMBOL OF COURAGE TO FIGHTING AMERICANS ALL OVER THE GLOBE! BUT THIS PROMISES TO BE THE "PAWNEE'S LAST MISSION -- UNLESS SHE CAN BEAT THE JAP RAIDERS TO THE SCENE!



FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES FROM THE NEAREST LAND...

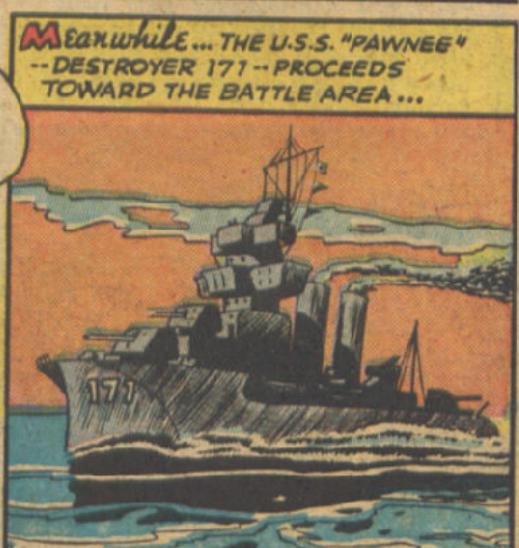
THAT'S THE LAST OF OUR WATER!

WE'RE FINISHED, CAPTAIN HICKENS! WHY KEEP ON FIGHTING?

WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET! SOMEONE MUST'VE HEARD THAT S.O.S. JUST BEFORE OUR PLANE WAS FORCED DOWN!

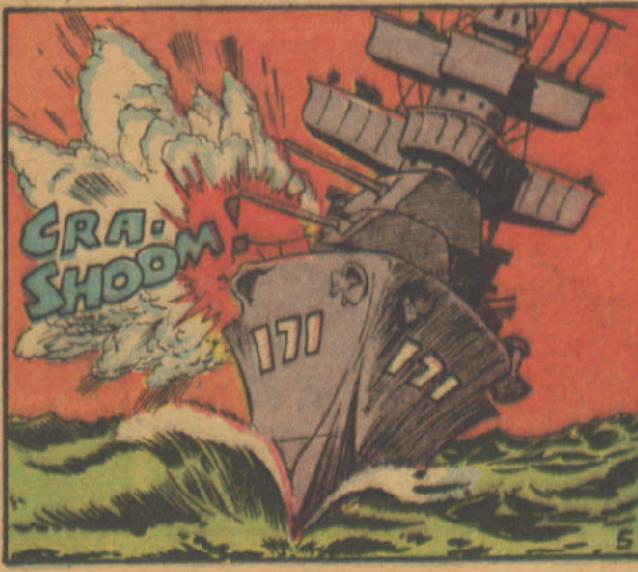
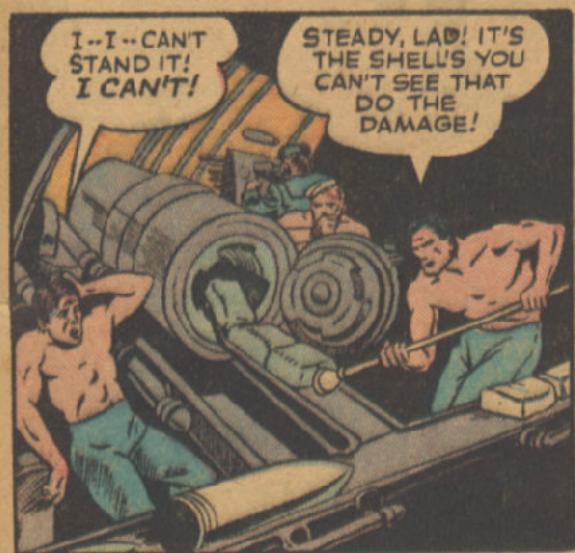
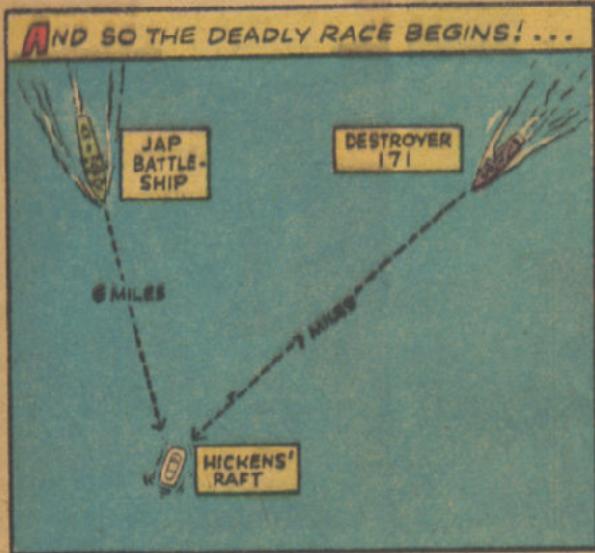
HERE'S BETSY, THE SHARK, BACK AGAIN!

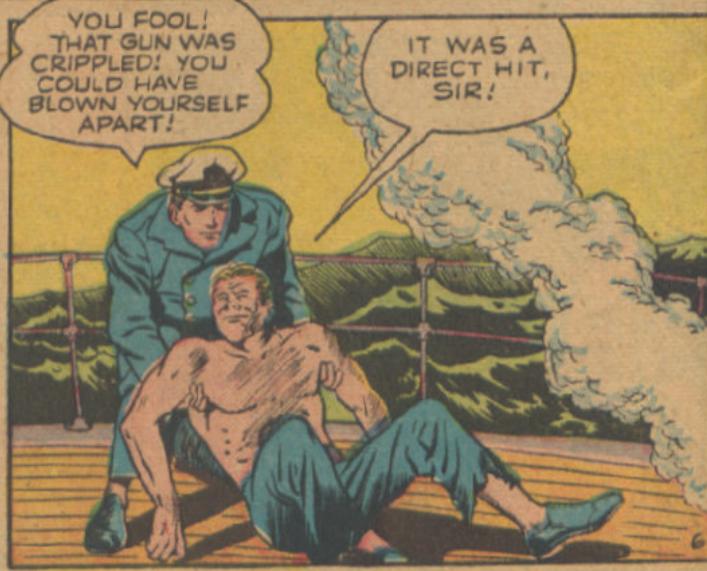






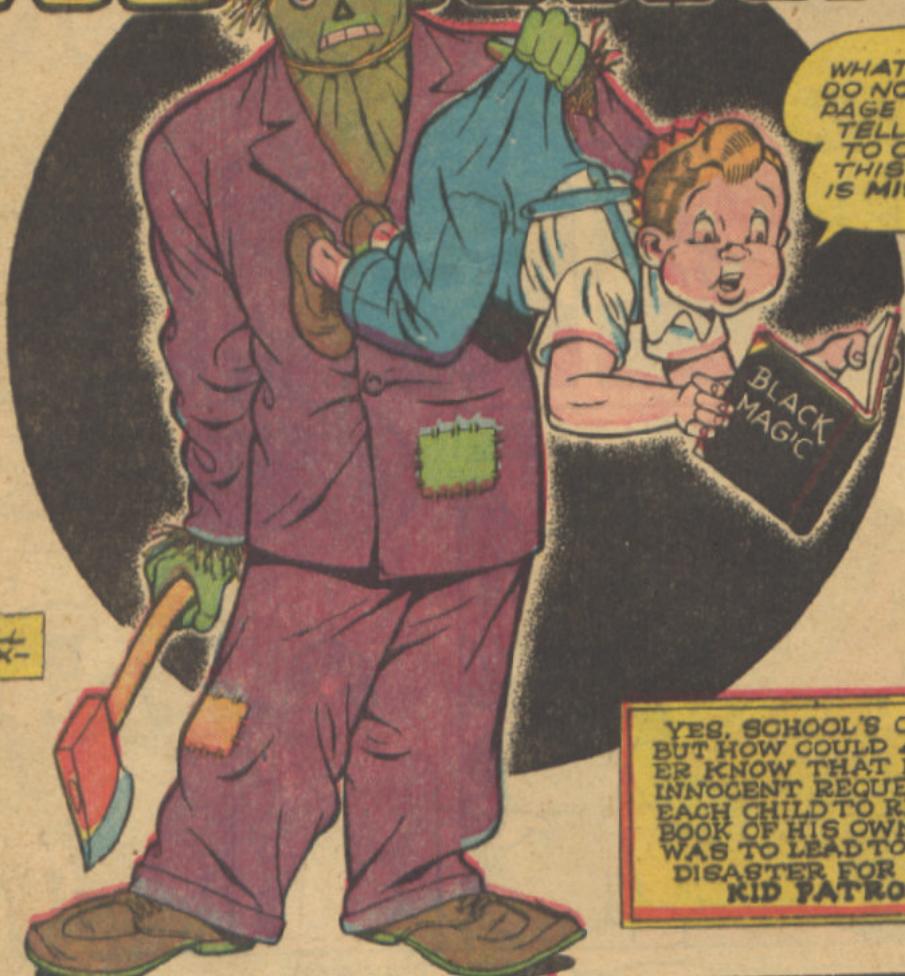








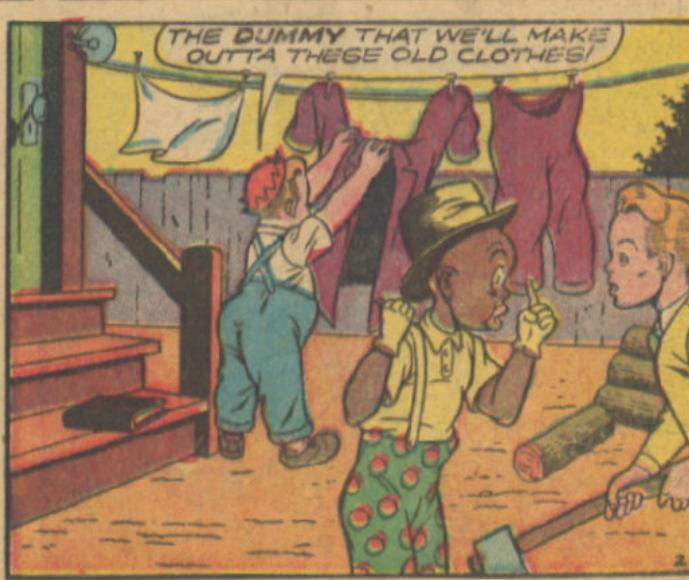
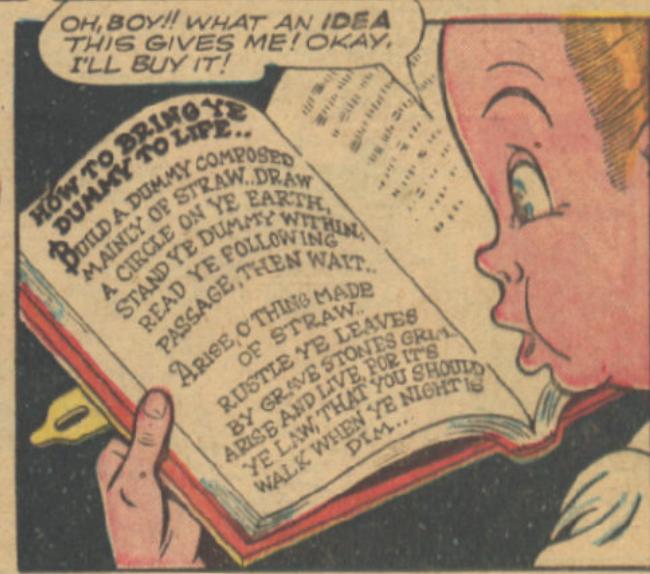
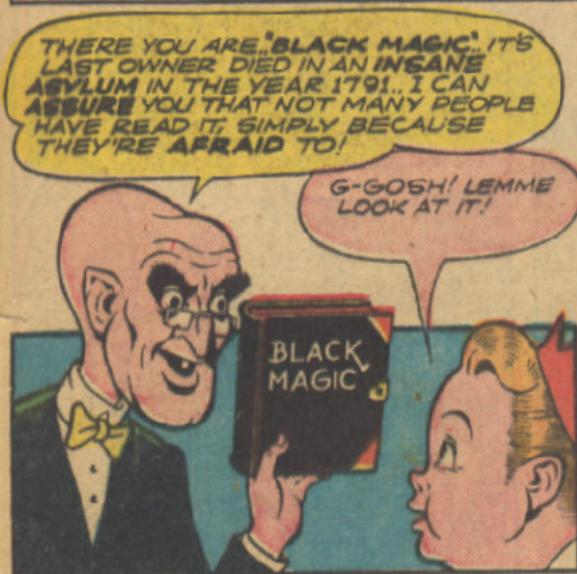
KID PATROL



by GILL FOX-

YES, SCHOOL'S OUT...
BUT HOW COULD A TEACHER
KNOW THAT HER
INNOCENT REQUEST FOR
EACH CHILD TO READ A
BOOK OF HIS OWN CHOICE
WAS TO LEAD TO NEAR
DISASTER FOR THE
KID PATROL?









NEXT MORNING, JUST AS PORKY FINISHES HIS BREAKFAST...

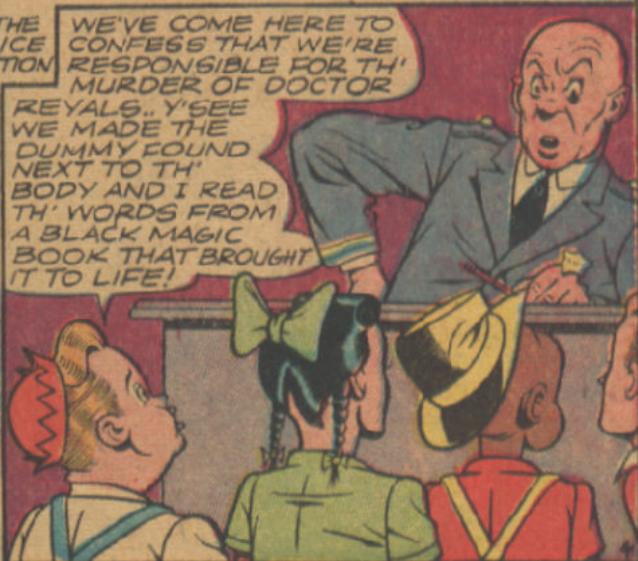


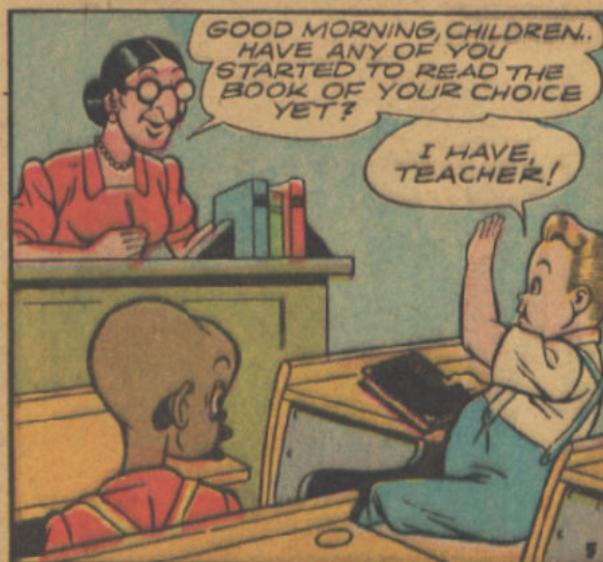
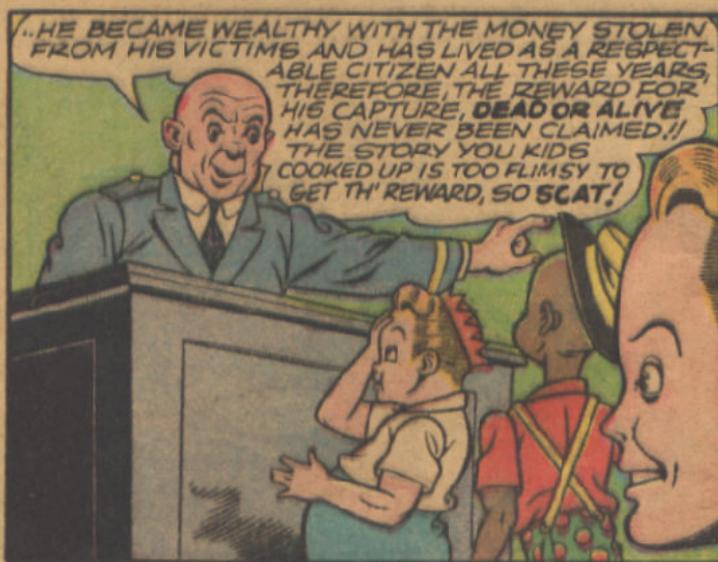
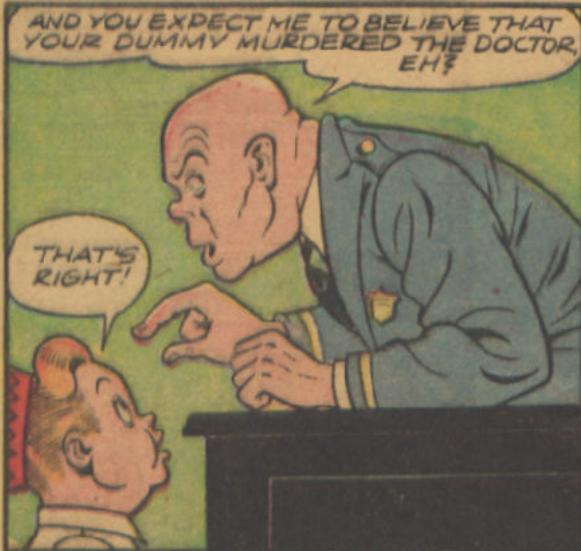
..THE MURDERER OBVIOUSLY TRIED TO CONFUSE THE POLICE BY LEAVING A LIFE SIZE, STRAW DUMMY, CLUTCHING AN AX, LYING NEXT TO THE BODY!

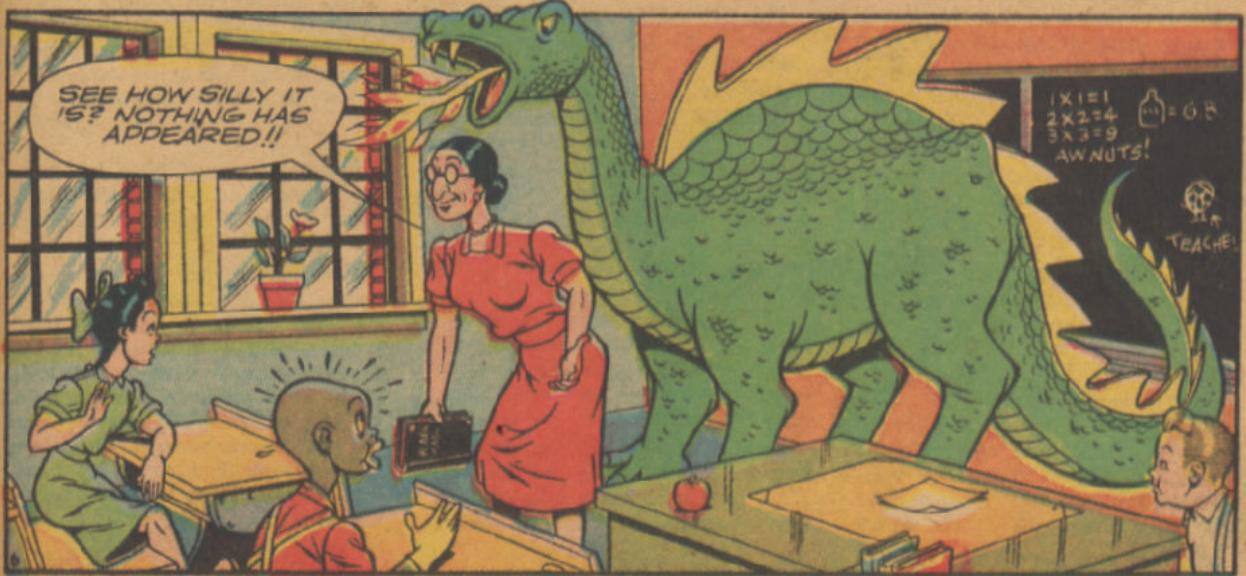
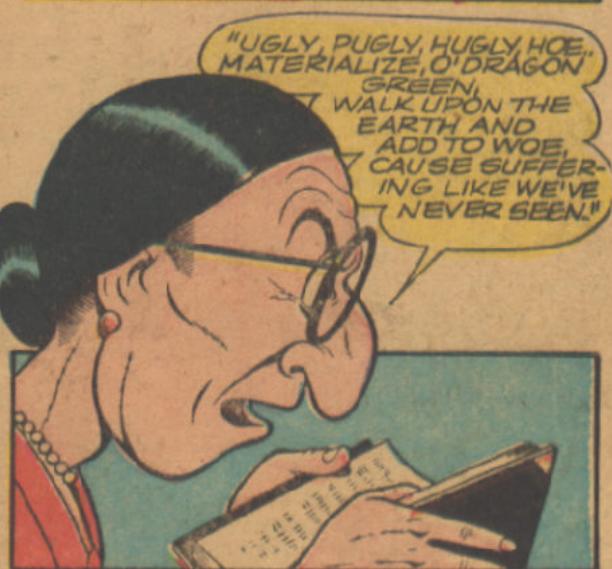
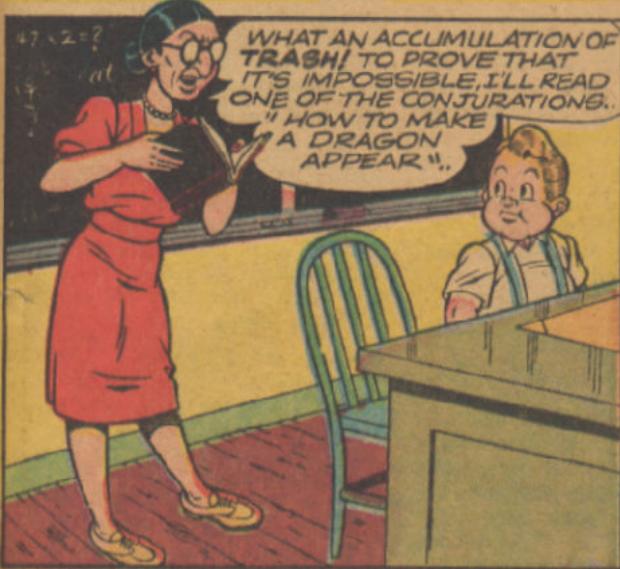


AT THE POLICE STATION

WE'VE COME HERE TO CONFESS THAT WE'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR TH' MURDER OF DOCTOR REYALS.. Y'SEE WE MADE THE DUMMY FOUND NEXT TO TH' BODY AND I READ TH' WORDS FROM A BLACK MAGIC BOOK THAT BROUGHT IT TO LIFE!







SKULL ISLAND

IT loomed out of the mist like a monstrous death-head, its bony cranium towering a thousand feet above the water. Boiling seas raged over the reefs that extended far out from shore, like serrated teeth in a gargantuan shark's mouth.

Skull Island! The very name of it presaged death, for death dwelt there on that ghostly bit of rock in the South Pacific.

You'll not find Skull Island on any map. It is far off the regular shipping lanes and no boat ever calls there—not voluntarily. It is the only island in an area of lonely sea extending more than a thousand miles in every direction. The only island, yet in less than two years eleven ships had vanished in that region! Where had they gone? What had happened to them? No survivor ever returned to tell.

"So that's Skull Island!" said Jan Galen, skipper-owner of the Fleetwind, a powerful cruiser. "Sinister enough looking, eh, Pat?"

Pat Belden, mate, nodded morosely. "Yeah. And I'd feel a heap better puttin' a few miles between us and that ugly rock. Looks like a skull stickin' out of the water."

Jan laughed shortly. "There's mystery there, Pat. Adventure—"

"Ai! Ai! Ai!" The wail of fear burst from Walloo, the Polynesian guide they had brought from the Friendly Islands. The two youths whirled, to find Walloo on his knees, pointing toward their objective.

"Ai! Devil-devil man of ocean!" cried the terrified native.

"My gosh—look!" came the shocked cry of Dick Hanford, radioman, who had been standing in the bow. The moon had come up behind the island, dispelling the mists, and now they could plainly see the two enormous holes which seemed bored through the top of the island. They looked exactly like empty eye sockets in a skull.

The fog lifted quickly and Jan gave orders to head for the island. The cruiser got under way, Walloo hanging over the bow searching for reefs. A school of phosphorescent fish boiled along in their wake, looking like a patch of "swampfire" on the water.

Jan clung to the wheel, straining his eyes ahead. He recalled the old legend current in the South Seas. This entire area was *tabu* sea with the Polynesians. The story went that Skull Island was in reality the skull of the ocean devil, and that below the surface—if one cared to investigate—would be found the rest of the giant's skeleton, standing with bony feet on the bottom. He had stood thus for millions of years, fleshless, horrible, with his skeletal arms (reefs) outstretched to snare any luckless war canoe that ventured too near. Needless to say, few ever did!

On the eastern side of the island, Jan spotted a small cove and headed for it. As they drew nearer they could see that low trees covered most of the terrain visible.

Yellow Jack was a big man with a florid face practically hidden in a thick mat of yellowish beard. For three years he had been king on Skull Island, where he operated a ghastly business. Yellow Jack dealt in Death!

Jan and his companions made a complete circuit of the island that day, seeing nothing that resembled the work of man. Jan pondered the situation. Perhaps some guy who had been shipwrecked on the island was conducting monkey business . . .

Jan pointed to the sky. "We're in for a blow, fellows," he said. Huge masses of dark clouds were massing in the south. Storm signal!

Back on board the cruiser they made preparations for the hurricane and got under way. By six that evening, when they had put a good three miles between them and the island, the wind was howling like a banshee and mountainous seas were snarling around them.

The sky grew ebony black and snaky lightning began lashing out, accompanied by appalling claps of thunder. Quickly the rain came, literally spilling out of the sky.

At ten that night, Belden, acting as lookout, shouted down into the main cabin that there was a light off their port quarter. The crew rushed up

on deck, hanging to the railing to keep their balance as the ship pitched wildly. There was the light, all right, flashing on and off brilliantly.

"Someone's operating a lighthouse on Skull Island!" Jan exclaimed. "What the—Hey! There's a ship off there, making for the light!"

* * *

The S. S. Trona, big Allied Nations freighter with a cargo of essential war supplies, was making way badly. She was listing queerly. Her cargo had shifted in the holds and now she was taking water fast. Her young skipper, new to the service, welcomed the flash of light a few miles ahead. His charts didn't show any lighthouse in this region, but that made no difference.

He held the Trona on a steady course for the light. Then suddenly there was a grinding crash. The Trona's bow shot up, then slid back, and her stern was under water. She had grounded on a reef! The gaping hole in her bow took the seas like a thirsty mouth.

Panic reigned on deck. Lifeboats were lowered, but as crew members pulled away, the giant seas hurled them against reefs. Men's cries of terror were quickly cut off as they were engulfed.

* * *

High atop the promontory on Skull Island, Yellow Jack Mueller watched the tragic drama through night glasses. Then he got to his feet, opened a door in the side of the cave where he sat, and started downward . . .

* * *

"She's grounded!" cried Jan, peering through the deluge of rain. "She'll pound to pieces. We've got to get to her, fellows!"

The blinder light suddenly went out, as did the doomed ship's lights. And Jan knew, as he maneuvered the cruiser in the direction of the wreck, that he'd have to possess a sixth sense to keep his course in the inky darkness. He trained powerful searchlights toward the island and occasionally fired a Very pistol into the sky. There were no answering signals.

"Whole crew must've drowned," Jan said to Pat Belden. "I've been wondering about that light, Pat. All those ships that have disappeared around here—"

"I think I get what you mean, Jan. Purposely lured here, huh?"

"But why?" Jan pondered aloud. "We're going to find out, Pat."

A mile from the wrecked freighter, which was just visible in the beam of the searchlight, Jan cut the engines. They could get no nearer at night in such seas, or they'd wreck themselves on the reefs. They'd have to wait for daylight.

Dick Hanford hurried up to Jan, explaining that he'd just picked up a message in jumbled code.

"Whoever sent it can't be far off, Jan. She came in too powerful—"

"Hmmm! Can't make anything out of it, Dick?"

Hanford shook his head. "Nope. Greek to me."

In the murky dawn, Jan edged the cruiser nearer the wreck. There was not a sign of life aboard her, or in the water. The storm had fallen but long swells still cracked and hissed over the hidden reefs. They could not board the *Trona* until the seas calmed.

"But I'm going to find out what goes on at *Skull Island*!" Jan said with a grim look.

Once more they were standing on shore and soon they had reached the top of the promontory. The terrific wind had flattened the trees and brush and deep gashes were ripped in the earth from the lashing rain. It was Jan who discovered the cave entrance. The screening brush had been blown away from it the night before.

"Exhibit A," said Jan, heading for the dark opening. They entered the cave cautiously, weapons ready. A chair, a small table on which lay a pair of powerful night binoculars, were the only things in sight.

Pat found the door in the rear.

"Now we've got something!" Jan whispered. "Open her up!"

The door was unlocked. They stepped through, and Jan snapped on his flash. A long stairway led down, the steps cut in the natural stone. At the foot of the stairway there was another door. Jan pushed it open carefully. Beyond stretched fifty yards of sandy beach, facing the north. There was a small lagoon,

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almost completely hidden from the open sea by the wall of spume and water that crashed incessantly over the reef beyond the entrance.

"Do you see what I see?" Jan said, pointing. A strange looking craft lay in the lagoon.

"Looks like one of those two-man subs the Japs use," said Pat. "But what the heck is that on top of it?"

It was a steel tower, tripod design. At its apex was a large round metal ball with a three-foot lens in its side.

"The lighthouse!" gasped Jan. "Hey—back inside, Pat!" They both jumped back, drawing the door partly closed. Fifty yards off and to one side of the lagoon was a path they hadn't noticed before. Stepping into view came a huge man with a yellow beard and two uniformed men.

"Nazis!" Pat whispered. "Holy Smoke, Jan, what do you make of it?"

"Ssssh—listen!"

The three men were talking in German, which neither Pat nor Jan understood. But they easily understood the trend of the conversation. One of the Nazis, obviously a ship commander, was counting a thick wad of bills. These he handed to Yellow Beard. The three laughed.

Then Pat stumbled against the door. The Germans whirled.

"Out after them!" snapped Jan. They burst into the open, pistols out. One of the Germans opened fire, but Jan caught him in the arm with a burst. The other Nazi vanished, but Yellow Beard was pumping bullets at them. He turned and bounded out of view.

"Come on," shouted Jan. "We can't let 'em get away!"

They followed a well marked trail from the lagoon. They could hear the Nazis and Yellow Beard bounding along ahead of them. Then suddenly dense smoke rolled down upon them.

"Trying to burn us out!" panted Jan.

They ran another hundred yards, then burst out on a bare beach. The sight that met their eyes amazed them. There were a hundred or more Nazi sailors lined up, hands in the air, and covering them were two other members of Jan's crew.

"Nice work," Jan called out. He saw the big German freighter anchor-

ed a mile off shore. "We're going out and take over their ship!"

It required little time to get the Germans' power launch under way, and a few minutes later they had boarded the freighter, which carried no cargo.

"And we know why," Jan said. "They came to collect the cargo which that yellow-bearded devil made available for them, the rat! I guess there's little question now what happened to those eleven ships that disappeared here, eh?"

As Jan and Pat neared the island once more, they heard two shots in rapid succession. When they had beached the launch, one of their crewmen explained; Von Strum, the ship's commander, had suddenly grabbed his pistol, shot Yellow Jack and himself.

"That's typical of them," said Jan. "He probably figured Hitler would liquidate him for blundering into this trap—if he ever got away. It's just as well."

"The yellow guy started the fire," Dick said. "Thought he'd trap you and Pat."

Jan grinned. "Been quite a picnic, huh?"

Dick headed for the cruiser to radio the nearest U. S. base for help. While Belden and his three companions hurried up the stairway to the cave on the promontory. A more careful search revealed a large trunk far back in the shadows. In it were the ships' records of all those vanished vessels, with lists of their cargoes. Most of it was war materials, which the Nazis had confiscated, after Yellow Jack had lured the ships to their doom on the reefs.

"Well, there's the whole fiendish story," said Jan, making the papers into a bundle. "This Yellow Jack Mueller was a traitor, in the Nazis' pay—and the worst murderer I ever heard of. Let's have a look at the sub."

The sub contained a high-powered radio, which Yellow Jack used to send his code messages to German ships hovering in the region.

"We'll just take this back to the States," Jan said. "It ought to make a pretty effective exhibit to stimulate War Bond sales."

This all happened several months ago. And since then no ships have disappeared around *Skull Island*, which is now an Allied Nations base for supplies.

QUICKSILVER

by FRED GORDON WALTER



By joining the newly organized Civilian Air Patrol of the South Pacific, **QUICKSILVER** does his bit to help the Navy as he flies on endless routine patrols on the watch for enemy submarines and ships... In this most unusual of his many exciting adventures **QUICKSILVER** is forced not only to use his superior fighting and athletic ability - but when the cards are down he calls upon his knowledge of chemistry to trump the Mikado's men!

READ IT - AND FIND OUT HOW YOU TOO CAN OUTWIT THE JAPS!

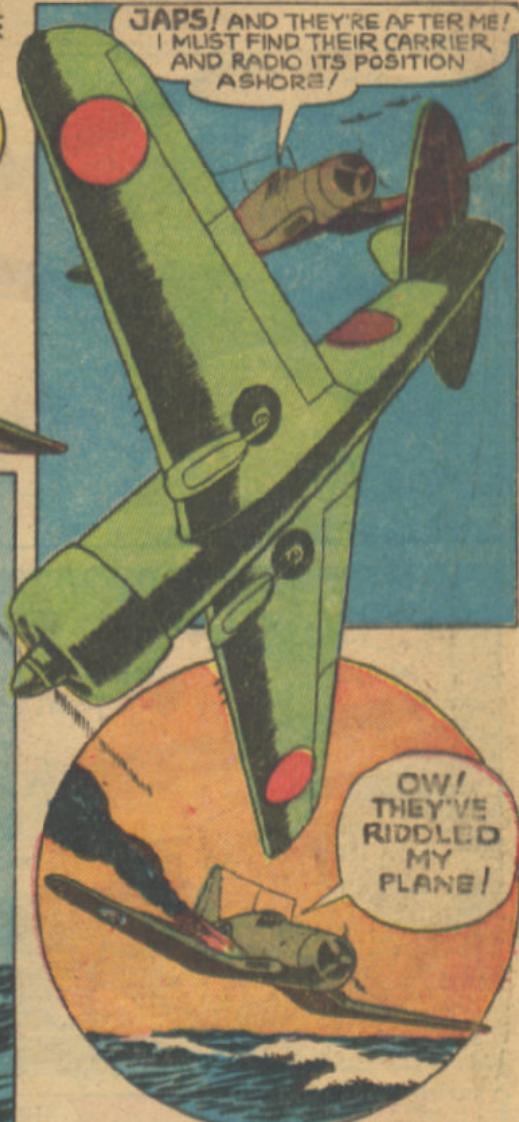
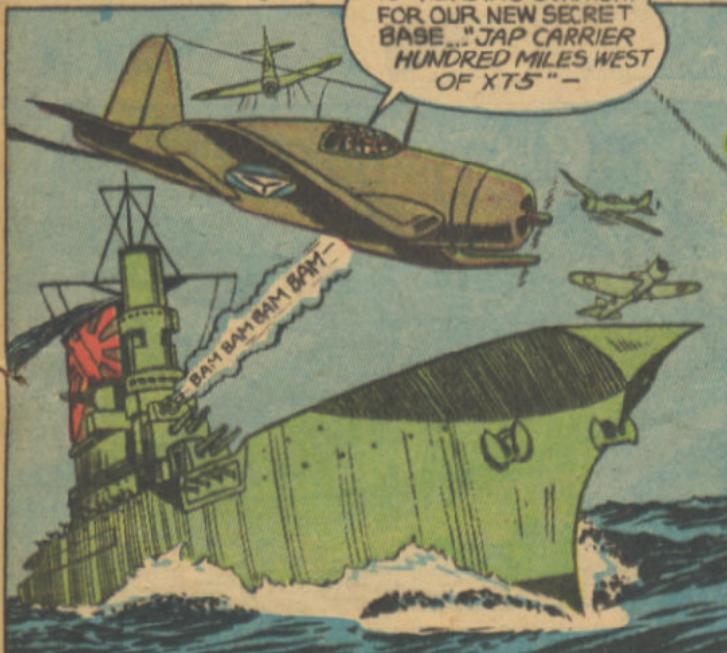
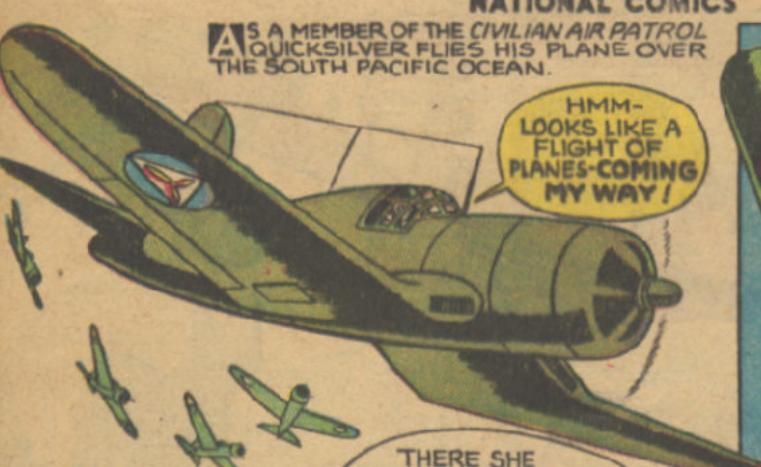
AS A MEMBER OF THE CIVILIAN AIR PATROL
QUICKSILVER FLIES HIS PLANE OVER
THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

HMM-
LOOKS LIKE A
FLIGHT OF
PLANES-COMING
MY WAY!

JAPS! AND THEY'RE AFTER ME!
I MUST FIND THEIR CARRIER,
AND RADIO ITS POSITION
ASHORE!

THERE SHE
IS - HEADING STRAIGHT
FOR OUR NEW SECRET
BASE... "JAP CARRIER
HUNDRED MILES WEST
OF XT5" -

OW!
THEY'VE
RIDDLED
MY
PLANE!



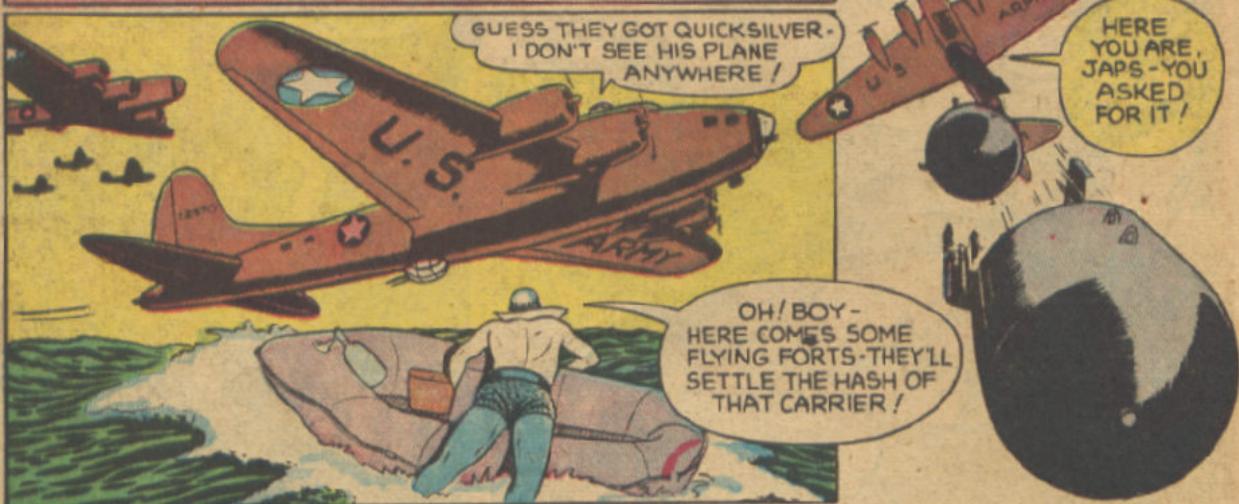
I'LL GLIDE TO A PANCAKE
LANDING ON THE WATER-THOSE
YELLOW MONKEYS WOULD SHOOT
ME LIKE A CLAY PIGEON IF I
FLOATED DOWN UNDER
MY PARACHUTE!

HERE I AM IN MID-PACIFIC ON
A SINKING PLANE.. AT LEAST I
HAVE A DEFLATED RAFT TO
BLOW UP... AND MY CHART AND
COMPASS TO GUIDE ME.

OOPS! SHE'S
TAKING HER FINAL
DIVE!



AUTOMATICALLY THE RAFT INFLATES ITSELF FROM ITS CONTAINER
OF CARBON DIOXIDE GAS...





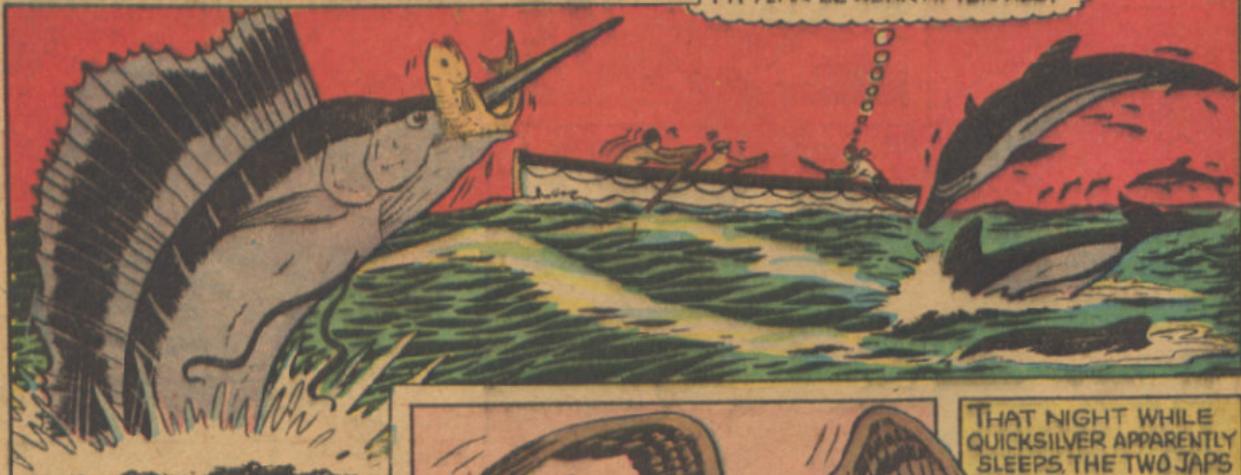
QUICKSILVER SPREADS OUT A CHART AND SHOOTS THE SUN TO WORK OUT THEIR POSITION.

I'LL MAKE SURE WE DON'T HIT LAND TOO SOON..I'VE GOT TO WEAKEN THESE GUYS!



FOR DAYS AND DAYS THEY PROPEL THEIR BOAT TOWARD THEIR ISLAND GOAL STILL HIDDEN BELOW THE HORIZON.

THE PERSPIRATION'S POURING FROM THEIR BODIES - MAYBE MY PLAN'LL WORK AFTER ALL!



OCCASIONALLY QUICKSILVER SECRETLY TAKES A DRINK OF SALTY OCEAN WATER!



TOO MUCH OF THIS WOULD KILL A PERSON BUT FOR MY PURPOSE A LITTLE IS JUST RIGHT!

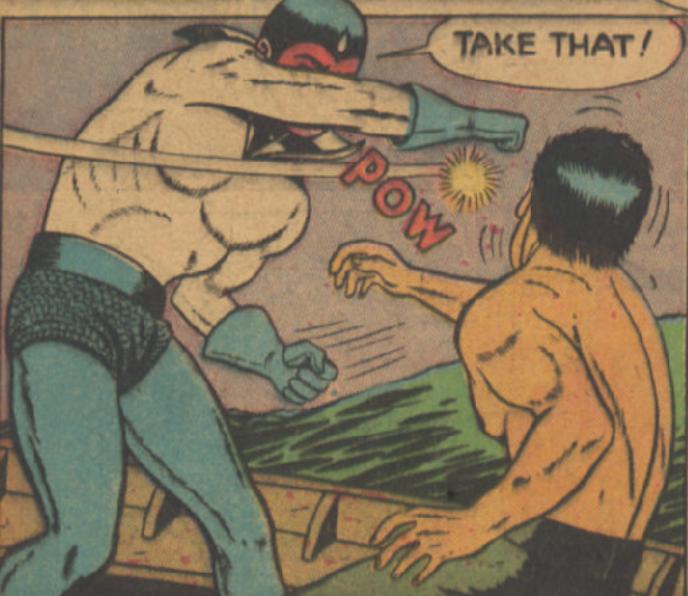


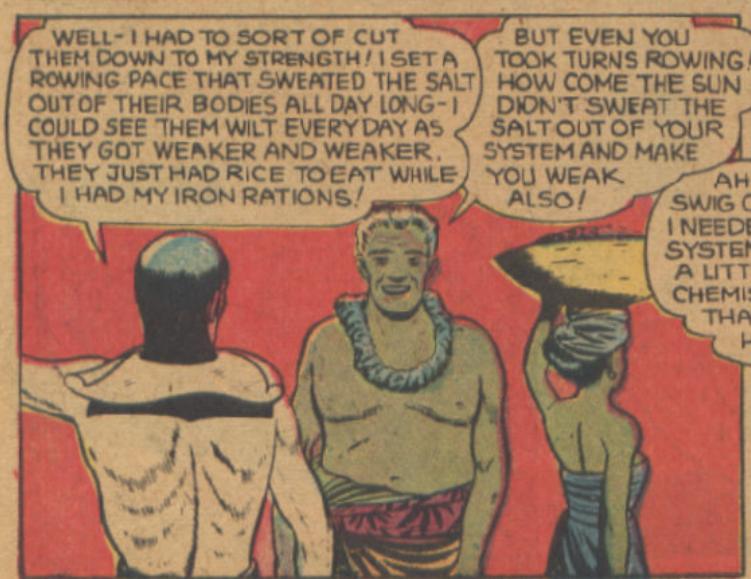
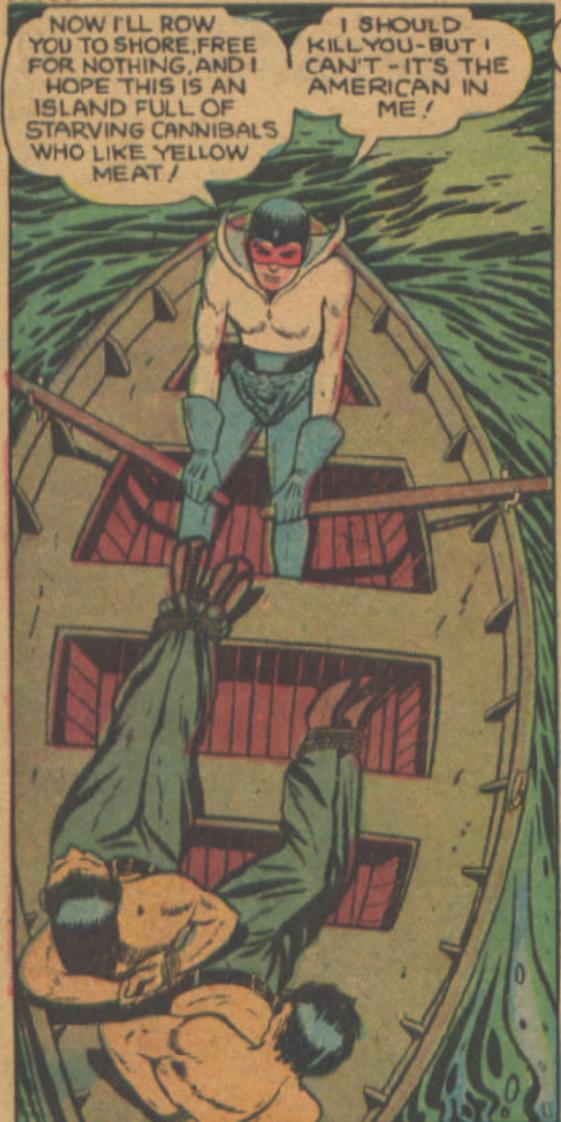
THAT NIGHT WHILE QUICKSILVER APPARENTLY SLEEPS, THE TWO JAPS SEE A FLASH OF LIGHT INDICATING LAND AHEAD!





IN THE HALF LIGHT QUICKSILVER
BATTLES WITH THE JAPS-KNOWING
THAT IF HE LOSES HE DIES!





LOOK FOR NEXT MONTH'S AMAZING STORY OF
QUICKSILVER IN NATIONAL COMICS

#8

THE CASE OF

DEATH
IN A
CROWDED
ROOM

A THOUSAND FIENDISH SCHEMES TO
OVERTHROW DEMOCRACY! A
THOUSAND SPIES TO CARRY THEM OUT!

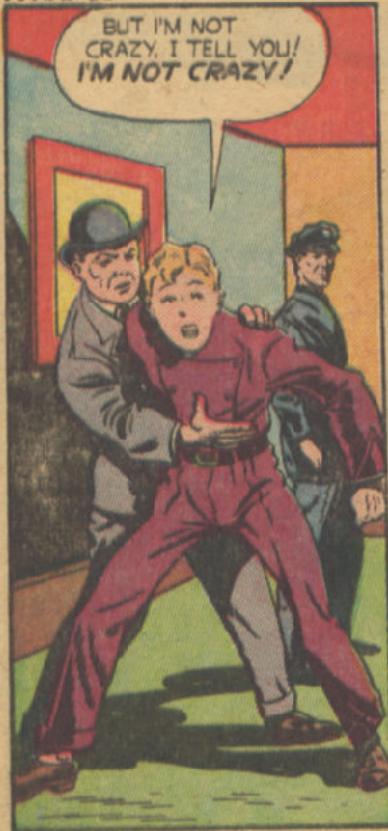
BUT

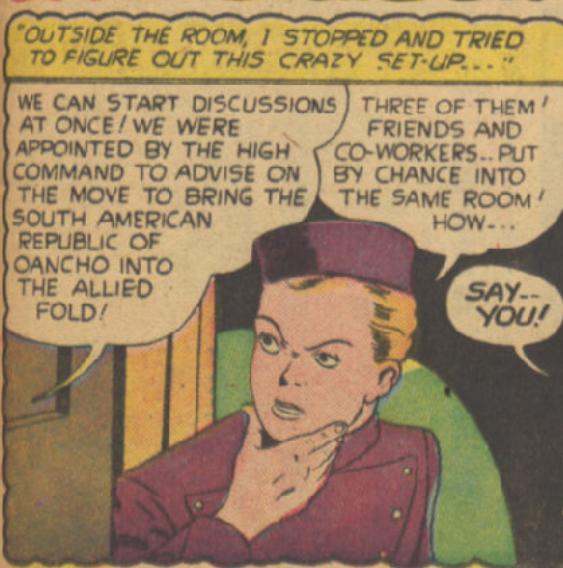
IT IS G-2, MAINSPRING OF THE U.S.
ARMY INTELLIGENCE WHO BRINGS
ALL THESE EVILS TO NOTHING!

JOIN FORCES WITH HIM ON THE
SEARCH FOR A KING SPY--
THE MASTER AGENT OF THEM ALL!

WASHINGTON--
THE NATION'S CAPITOL--
NOW IN WAR-TIME, A BOOM-
TOWN, CROWDED WITH GREAT AND
SMALL--WHERE THERE IS NOT
ENOUGH ROOM FOR ALL WHO FLOCK
TO ITS CENTER---









NATIONAL COMICS



A FEW
SECONDS
LATER,
REPRESENT-
ATIVE
SIFERS
RECEIVES
AN
UNEXPECTED
GUEST...

WHAT THE--?
A BURGLAR!
POLICE!
HE---

RELAX, CONGRESSMAN! I'M NO SECOND STORY
MAN! I'M G-2, AND I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!
TELL ME .. HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO
COME TO THIS HOTEL?



VERY SIMPLY! I
WAS ASSIGNED TO A
COMMITTEE JOB DOWN HERE,
AND A DAY LATER I GOT A
TELEGRAM THAT
A RESERVATION
HAD BEEN
MADE FOR ME
AT THE HOTEL
BRAGANZA!
WHY DO YOU
ASK?

BECAUSE ANOTHER COMMITTEE VANISHED
FROM THIS VERY ROOM! ENEMY AGENTS
LEARNED OF THEIR IMPORTANT
ASSIGNMENTS, AND LURED
THEM HERE!

HOLY SMOKE! AND YOU
THINK THE SAME THING
IS BEING PLANNED FOR MY
COMMITTEE? NOW WHAT!

SOMEONE'S
KNOCKING!

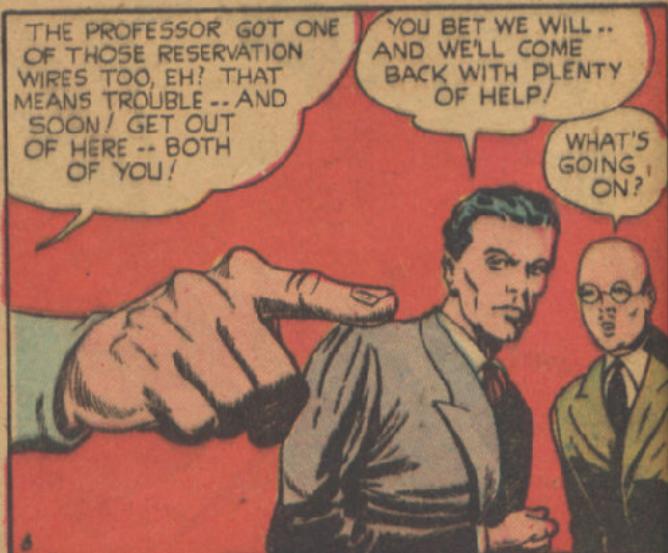
PROFESSOR
MURDOCK!

YES, CONGRESSMAN WE
CAN BEGIN WORK AT
ONCE, EH?

THE PROFESSOR GOT ONE
OF THOSE RESERVATION
WIRES TOO, EH? THAT
MEANS TROUBLE .. AND
SOON! GET OUT
OF HERE -- BOTH
OF YOU!

YOU BET WE WILL ..
AND WE'LL COME
BACK WITH PLENTY
OF HELP!

WHAT'S
GOING
ON?



WHILE IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...

ON WITH THE MASK..
AND I'LL BE READY
FOR THE DESTRUCTION
OF THE OTHER
COMMITTEE
MEN!

GOOD!
UP BY
THE
SECRET
ELEVATOR!

ALONG THE
HALLS
OF THE
HOTEL,
GOES THE
MASKED
GRIM DOCTOR,
BEARING IN
HIS HANDS
A WEAPON
OF DEATH -
A
GRENADE!



AH! THEY'RE
A PERFECT
TARGET!



GOOD!--A MARVELOUS JOB!
NOW TO CLEAN UP
THE EVIDENCE!



--B-BUT--IT'S--
A DUMMY!
BOTH OF
THEM
DUMMIES!

-- AND
SO ARE
YOU!





--BACK AT THE MANAGER'S OFFICE---

I'M WORRIED! THE
MASK HASN'T
RETURNED YET!
COME, WE'LL
SEE WHAT'S
KEEPING
HIM!

YAH--
COME!

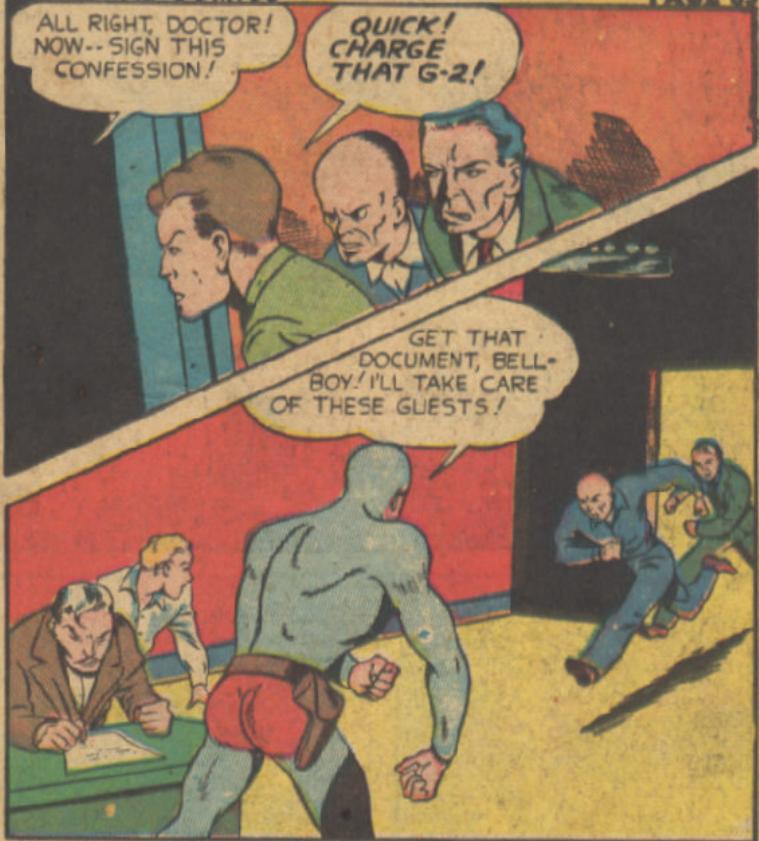
NATIONAL COMICS

PAGE 63

ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR!
NOW-- SIGN THIS
CONFESSTION!

QUICK!
CHARGE
THAT G-2!

GET THAT
DOCUMENT, BELL-
BOY! I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THESE GUESTS!

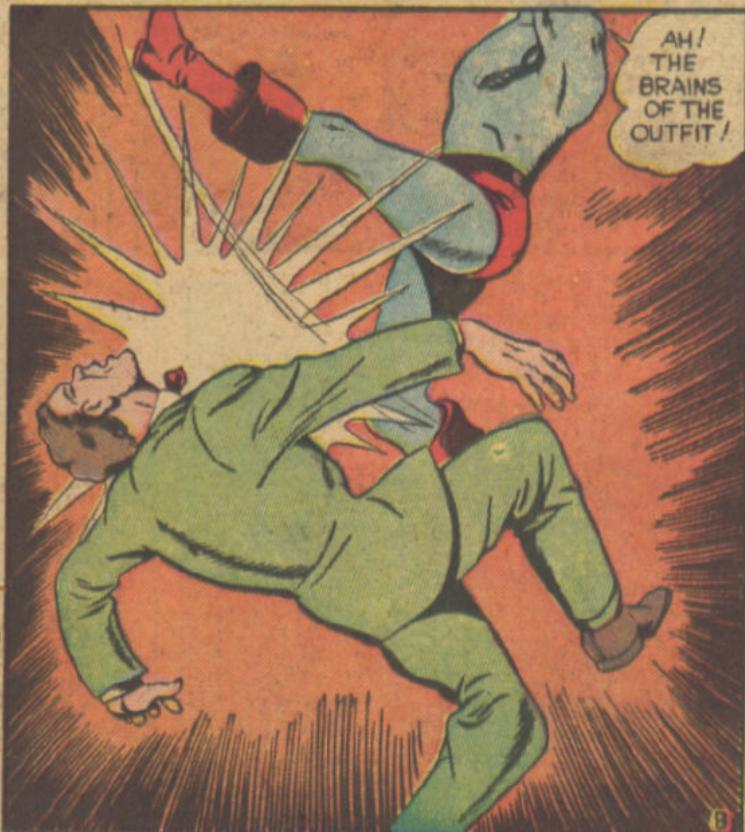


THE NAZI AGENTS RUSH FORWARD
TO FIND --- NOTHING!

I'LL BET THIS
IS WAY OVER
YOUR HEADS,
EH, BOYS?



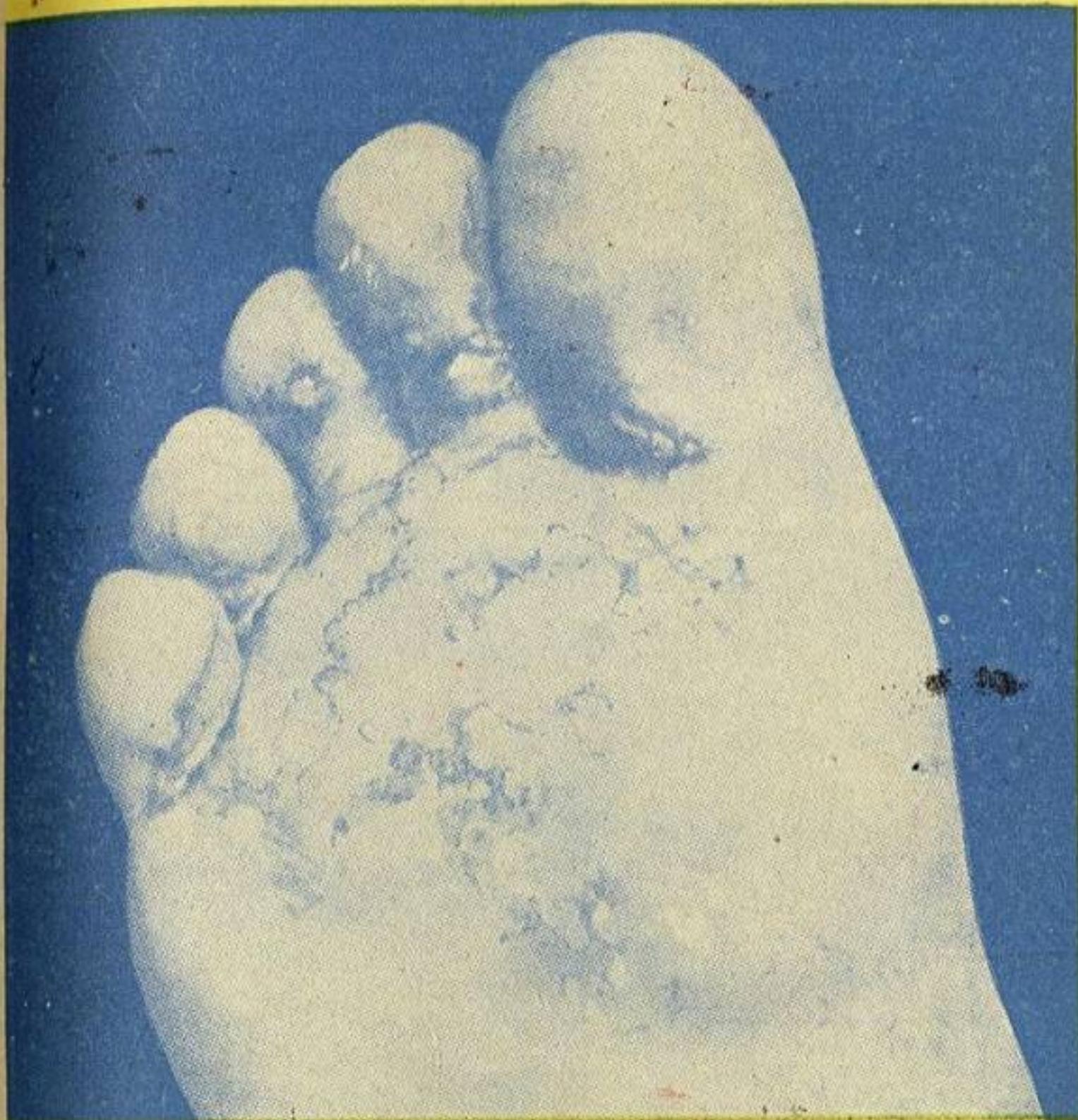
AH!
THE
BRAINS
OF THE
OUTFIT!





FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



**PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED**

Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ Tinea Trichophyton within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. every night until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer?

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F.

Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.
865 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Captain Tootsie BATTLES MONSTER MAN!



**WHAT FUN!
GET THIS GENUINE
FOX TAIL**

for only **10¢**

IF YOU MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

FOR YOUR BIKE!
To Hang in Your Room!
For Playing Russian Soldier!

Nothing to buy! No wrappers to send!

Just to get you to read the above ad, we'll send you this genuine fox tail for only a dime. Imagine the fun you'll have with it! How your friends will envy you! Tie it on your bike—hang it in your room—use it for playing explorer or soldier! Hurry! Supply limited! Mail coupon now!

TOOTSIE ROLLS
Department Q1, Hoboken, New Jersey

Yes, I read your ad for Tootsie Rolls. Rush the genuine Fox Tail to me postage paid by fast mail. I have enclosed a dime.

Name
Address
City & State
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

For Playing Explorer!